

Good Morning

S6

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Cool, shady lane.
Thatched cottage,
bathed in light.
Homely and so plain.
Yet symbol of the Might
reared in the heart of
this dear England.



Only woman to command a naval vessel

By
HARRIMAN
DICKSON

TWICE a day a sixty-foot cabin cruiser puts to sea, no matter what the weather. Twice a day the mail goes out to the ships in the neighbourhood of a port somewhere on the East coast of Britain. It is carried by one of the Fleet Mail Boats, a boat with a unique distinction—it is "commanded" by a woman, or, to be more precise, by Second Officer Agnes McLennan Traynor.

Mrs. Traynor is a five-foot, nothing Scot, with a quiet, easy manner. Her crew includes four tough sailors, men who have seen a thing or two at sea and come through other wars. But they have a great respect for Mrs. Traynor, and they do not mind that she, a woman, should virtually have charge of the ship.

The work of the Fleet Mail Boat really begins at eight in the morning at the dock Mail Office. Over a ton of mail pours in for re-distribution to ships in the neighbourhood, and a staff of Wrens get down to the intricate job of sorting and classifying the letters.

Then they are put aboard the mail boat, and Mrs. Traynor, with two other Wrens, puts out to sea. It can be an exciting business.

In the first place, there is always the possibility that a German plane will single out the little ship for a machine-gun or bombing attack. They have a way, at the moment, of picking inoffensive-looking craft.

DODGING THE MINES.

Then there are the mines. Once the mail boat was going its usual rounds when a giant explosion rocked the air. Somewhere, a short distance ahead, another vessel stopped short in her tracks. A great column of smoke rose skywards. In a few minutes the ship was sinking.

Not for a moment did the Fleet mail boat hesitate. She stuck steadily to her course, and the mail was delivered just the same that day.

Actually, the naval authorities weren't entirely happy about the incident. They would have preferred Mrs. Traynor to put back to port.

The summer is developing now, and the job of these women sailors will become more pleasant, but during the winter they hit some very hard patches. The fury of a nor-easter, snow, even ice, does not dismay them. The mail goes out just the same. But they wear a very different garb. Thick sweaters, sea-boots and sou'-westers are the order of the day.



BENEATH THE SURFACE

By
AL MALE

Some people brighten up a room when they come into it.

Others . . . when they go out.

YOU remember the story of the fellow who had heard that a certain religious body was famed for its cheerfulness, and hied off to one of its meetings.

Asked afterwards what he had thought of it, he replied, "Well, I didn't find it terribly cheerful." "Sorry about that," replied the questioner, "but what cheerfulness did you bring with you?"

That, to me, seems to be the answer to a great deal of our grouching. What do **WE** do about making a contribution towards the cheerfulness of any atmosphere in which we may find ourselves?

You all know people who have no real cause for grouching. They are well endowed with this world's goods, don't seem to put themselves out overmuch as far as war-effort is concerned, and, in fact, are amazingly uninterested in the sufferings of others directly affected by the war.

Yet, in spite of their isolation from things unpleasant, completely fail to radiate the least particle of happiness. Obviously it is not in spite of, but because of.

No gardener expects to find a wonderful crop of vegetables or flowers without sowing seed, yet many people expect a crop of gaiety and plenty without doing a darned thing about it. **HERE'S AN INSTANCE.**

One of my greatest friends is a collier from my home town in the North.

In half a day he worked harder than I am likely to do in a week, and when he came home had to make do with a bathtub on the hearth (as many miners do, of course) and all the usual inconveniences which tend to make most people revolutionary.

With his evenings free, he did not kick his heels at the street corner, but devoted his time to physical culture, and particularly boxing, at which he became quite a useful amateur.

He never "threw his weight about"; on the contrary, he used to gather a few of us together and give us talks on the human body, with lessons in boxing and hygiene thrown in.

After a while he attached himself to the local grammar school and devoted the whole of his spare time to the physical education of the boys, without pay or official recognition, but not without the undying gratitude of the lads themselves.

Even now, thirty years later,

his name is spoken of with the greatest respect by those boys now become men. They never forget what a debt they owe to him . . . and are not too proud to let him know it.

He's just an ordinary fellow . . . but, according to my ideas, he is a grand scout.

He contributed something . . . something constructive, and that's what this world of ours needs very badly.

To return to the room from which we started.

One needn't follow literally Jackie Hunter's song and "join the chorus . . . join the chorus . . . join the correspondence school," or try to be the "life of the party." That is often fatal, as we all know.

During one period I had the job of reading through about two hundred jokes every day, sorting them out for publication and prizes.

I found it very amusing, but what wasn't quite so hot was the fact that whenever I was in company and someone started to tell a joke, I almost certainly knew the damn thing, or (in my opinion) knew a better one. How my friends stuck it I don't know, but there . . . friendship does call for sacrifice, doesn't it?

And so does a room full of people.

And so does life . . . if it's going to be bearable both to us and to the other guys.

RADIOED RELIGION.

I wonder if any of you chaps had the opportunity of listening to the radio series, "The Man Born to be King"?

It annoyed many people by its modernity. They (and quite intelligent people they professed to be) said, "But Christ and the people around did not speak and act like that . . . fancy a Cockney in the crowd . . . the very thought is unpleasant."

The very thought is unpleasant if your religion is so narrow and antiquated.

If religion is workable to-day, surely to goodness it can do to-day's workaday clothing and be spoken by to-day's human beings.

The equivalent to the Cockney, and my friend the miner, were surely in existence two thousand years ago, and were not barred from religion.

You don't imagine that land is less cultivated because it has been turned over by a tractor-propelled plough instead of one drawn by oxen, as in Biblical days.

Why, then, should one consider religion (all religion) as being insulted or misinterpreted because it is garbed in modern language?

To my mind, it is actually made more understandable—and much more real; and I confess to having gained a great deal during this Easter through a clarifying of my thought on the subject of the Crucifixion . . . the one great fact which is the basis of Christianity.

We have got to LIVE religion, or forget about it.

And if we're miserable in the process, then I should say we are barking up the wrong tree . . . we're not being religious at all.

Being helpful to others and considerate of the shortcomings of people who "get our goat" . . . and putting ourselves right first . . . seem to me to be much more religious than quoting Scripture all day, and turning away from people because they don't belong to our set.

I prefer the chap who drinks and "lets rip" now and again, but wouldn't do a dirty trick, to the sanctimonious hypocrite who never bumps up against life and condemns out of sheer ignorance.

But then . . . my views may not be yours.

And it's your views I particularly want to know.

Pardon me giving you mine to start off with, won't you?

Cheerio, and Good Hunting.

JULIUS CAESAR IS KING OF DIAMONDS

By MARCUS DELINGER

EVERY time you shuffle a pack of playing cards you are handling the portraits of real kings, queens and other famous people, some of them Biblical characters.

The first playing cards made in Britain were copied from a set issued in Rouen, in France, when Queen Elizabeth was on the throne.

Cards, it is said, were invented by solemn monks in a certain monastery to help the brothers to concentrate on higher things; and also to keep their minds busy during hours of leisure.

Since Queen Elizabeth's time some of the details have been changed, but the meaning still remains; and the Rouen cards actually bore the likenesses (as then known) of famous people.

Take up the King of Diamonds. Here you see the conventional portrait of Julius Caesar. He is giving the Roman salute, which Mussolini copied and made Fascist. In one corner of the card you will see an axe-head in a bundle of rods, which signifies the Roman State's power and right to chastise an offender against the law.

Now the King of Spades. It is the picture of King David of Israel. The French card showed a harp. The British card shows a large sword. David was not only a man of the sword, but was a harpist as well; but because he was a man of the sword he was not allowed to build the Temple, according to chronicles.

The King of Clubs is supposed to be Alexander the Great, who became Emperor of the then known world. He carries the orb to signify the earth. In the old French card his hands were shown, but they have become lost or confused in the copying.

The King of Hearts is Charlemagne, wearing the Imperial ermine, as Emperor of the West. Notice how he brandishes a battle-axe; but this was badly copied and shows now as a truncated sword.

THE QUEENS.

Come to the Queens. The Queen of Diamonds is Rachel, wife of Joseph of the Old Testa-

ment. She was chosen as the Queen of Diamonds because diamonds mean wealth, and Rachel was a woman who gathered wealth with both hands.

The Queen of Hearts is Judith, the princess of Apocrypha. The name Judith appeared in the old French cards.

Why was she chosen as queen of the cards? Because, one reads of her in the Bible as having spoken all "with a good heart." You will find that in the book of Judith.

The Queen of Spades is the Greek goddess of Wisdom, Pallas Athene. She carries a sceptre to denote her peculiar office of being wise.

But the Queen of Clubs is not easily identified. The French cards used to bear the name Argine, which is an anagram of Regina.

THE KNAVES.

On the other hand the Knave of Clubs is Sir Lancelot, the knight of the Round Table of King Arthur. He won a tournament at Westminster, although he had previously been wounded by an arrow from a lady who shot at a deer in Windsor forest and hit the knight by accident. In the corner of the card the arrow still appears.

The Knave of Spades is Ogier, a Danish knight who fought under the banner of Charlemagne. Originally he carried a halbert, but the British cards have made a mess of this in the copying of the design.

The Knave of Hearts is La Hire, a French soldier who gained fame under Joan of Arc. The feather which is on the British cards was really a baton, for La Hire reached the rank of Marshal in the fight against the British.

The Knave of Diamonds has the name of Hector on the French cards, but it is deleted in the British copy, for what reason is unknown. Hector, of course, was the celebrated hero in the historic war before Troy.

Such, then, are the main characters in the original playing cards.

SUNDAY FARE

It's Funny But— They Must Sleep Upstairs

SOME people cannot live in bungalows because they cannot sleep on a ground floor.

Others cannot sleep on a low divan, but must have a high bed.

Science has discovered the reason, and it has nothing to do with the wisdom of choosing the top bunk in a small liner's passenger cabin. *Mal-de-mer* does not affect the bungalow dweller.

The fact is, it is what biologists call a "vestigial fear." Like a child's fear of strangers, it is a relic of our animal ancestry.

There was a time when we dwelt in the forests and made our beds in the trees. We dared not come to earth except by daylight, for on the ground were our worst enemies—the wolves, bears, boars, snakes, and other fearsome creatures like rhinoceroses and sabre-toothed tigers. At the slightest stir in the undergrowth we crouched, trembling, on our narrow branch, and people who cannot sleep on the ground floor are often pitifully afraid of burglars and noises in the night.

But people who are not at all affected in this way may betray the same fear when left alone in a wood after dark.

Though not afraid, they feel

Answer to

Cannibals and Missionaries

Call the three missionaries M m m, and the three cannibals C c c, the capitals denoting the missionary and the cannibal who can row the boat. Then C c row across; C returns with the boat; C c row across; C returns; M m row across; M c return; M C row across; M c return; M m row across; C returns; C c row across; C returns; C c row across; and all have crossed the river within the conditions stated.

Hobbies for Submariners—No. 6

Match-Stalk Modelling

Continued
from last
Sunday.

HERE we are with two further examples of match-stalk model-making—this time with the spice of winter sport about them.

With the aid of a pile of salt and a piece of thread to suspend the ski-jumper, an effective photographic scene has been built up.

What we would like submariners to do is to think out new figures for other types of sport, and drop us a line when ashore, either with suggestions, or enclosing actual figures.

Football, cricket or tennis



—Three-Minute Thriller

Death Takes the Minister

DETECTIVES on holiday in another land are not usually called in to solve mysteries. It happened to Mrs. Pym. During a brief stay in Dublin there had occurred the murder of a very high government official indeed.

It created an extraordinary sensation, though the facts were largely suppressed. Then a grave faced executive of the *Garda Siochana* appeared at Mrs. Pym's little hotel on Suffolk Street.

The position was explained. The *Garda* wanted her advice. Liam Horgan had been stabbed in his office, and when such a thing happens to a Minister it demands high-pressure investigation.

Horgan had been working late, alone. Only two people had visited him—his secretary, a thin young man named Carroll, and his closest friend, Michael Geary, a fruit importer and one of the richest men in Eire. Neither of them had the slightest reason for murdering the strait-laced but warm-hearted Horgan.

Mrs. Pym was shown the dead man's office, left exactly as it had been found, except for the absence of the body. Horgan had been near the door, apparently killed as he entered the room. On his desk were the papers on which he had been working. Neither clue nor motive had been found.

With half a dozen anxious officials watching her, Mrs. Pym scrutinised everything, paying particular attention to the desk, then she questioned Carroll and Geary.

"You say Mr. Horgan had no enemies, to your knowledge?" she asked the secretary.

"None, ma'am. Of course, people disliked him, but not enough to kill him."

"Thank you. How about you, Mr. Geary?"

"It's terrible." He touched his warm face with a movement of despair. "Such a gentle man



—why should he be knifed in that horrible way!"

Mrs. Pym shrugged, and went outside with the *Garda* officer who had come to the hotel.

"You'd better arrest Geary, I think. You told me yourself that only you and three officials knew a knife had been used. Besides, there's the final proof of a Customs' order on Horgan's desk. He must've been correcting and passing it. It says: 'All foreign fruit, plants are free from duty from the date of this order.' Realise what that means?"

The Ministry became like a beehive, and in an hour the truth was out. Geary, an avaricious man, knew of the impending order, and had entered Horgan's office, believing him safely in another part of the building. But Horgan had returned to discover Geary altering the vital proof that, in three days, would have controlled imports. (Solution on Page 3)

ODD CORNER

A STONE monument was recently erected to the 100,000 frogs dissected by the students of the Keio University, Tokyo. But this piece of lunacy is by no means without precedent.

Australia possesses a "Cactoblastis Memorial Hall," at Boonarga, Queensland, which was erected to the memory of the caterpillar which destroys the prickly pear!

So many wasps were killed in the severe plague of them which attacked the little Westmorland village of Week, in 1841, that a memorial stone was erected on the moor to mark the occasion.

The most celebrated case of insect commemoration was the elaborate funeral staged by the Roman poet, Virgil, for his pet house-fly. The cost of the interment was £20,000, and the ceremony took place from Virgil's town house in Rome. Celebrities and friends of the Emperor attended, and a lengthy oration was delivered by Mæcenas before the fly's golden coffin.

The Marquis of Anglesey, cavalry officer and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was very proud of his legs. One of them was shot off at the Battle of Waterloo, and he was very upset—in both senses.

He had a special grave dug for it near the battlefield, and it was buried with great solemnity. The Marquis then planted a weeping willow over it for a memorial.

Take a Tip with C. B. Westall

A CARD PROBLEM

SOUTH was dealing and picked up the following hand at solo: S. K Q J 10 8 7 6 5 4 2; H. 4 3 2; D. None; C. None. The trump card was

done for. If he trumped with the J or 10, then West would have discarded another club and made the S. 9. But South could have made his call. How?

♠ None	♠ A K	♠ None
♥ 10 9 5	N.	♥ A K Q J
♦ 9 8 7 6 5	W. S. E.	♦ A K Q J 10
4 3 2		♣ 6 5 3 2
♣ A 9 3		
♥ 8 7 6		
♦ None		
♣ Q J 10 9		
8 6 3		
♠ K Q J 10		
8 7 6 5 4 2		
♥ 4 3 2		
♦ None		
♣ None		

the 8 Spades. After two passes East called abundance, and South chuckled to himself as he called Abundance in Trumps. With only three trumps to the Ace missing, he must make nine tricks. So when West led a small Heart he put his cards on the table and claimed nine tricks. East, however, was an old hand at Solo and insisted that South should play the hand. East took the first trick with the Ace of Hearts and led the Ace of Diamonds. South smiled as he trumped with the King of Spades. Let us look at the whole hand.

Now it is West's turn to play. Instead of taking the second trick he discarded a Club, and South led out his Queen of Spades. West now played his Ace and led another Heart. East led his Queen of Diamonds, and now South was

Heard This One?

SIR HARRY LAUDER tells the following story of an excitable but well-meaning gillie.

The Laird was entertaining an Indian Rajah who was most anxious to land a salmon. The necessary orders were given to Donald, the gillie, who was specially instructed to be careful to address the Rajah as "Your Highness" on all occasions.

Accordingly, Donald set His Highness to work at a

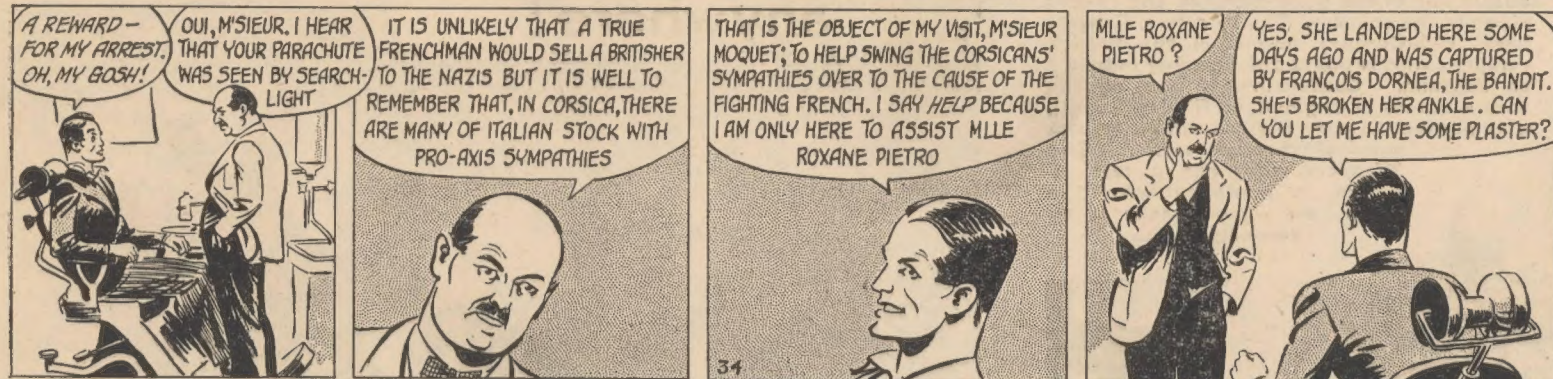
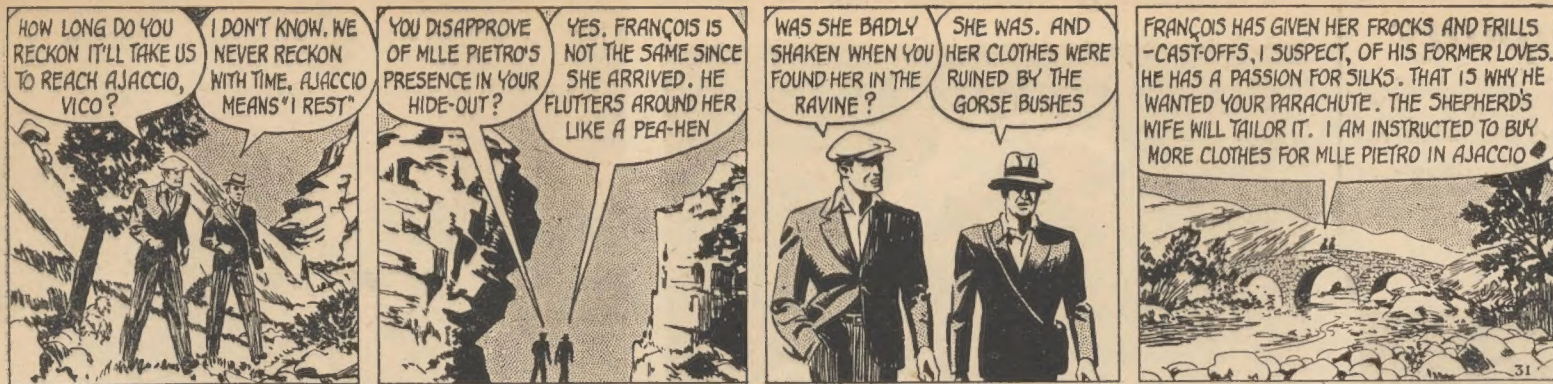
pool where salmon were sure to be caught. Presently a "whirr" on the line denoted that a fish had been hooked.

Then it was that Donald got a bit mixed, and cried out, "Steady, your Majesty. That's grand, your Royal Highness. Reel oot, sir, reel oot! Car'fu', man, car'fu'! Now ye've got him, yer Royal Majesty. Splendid, laddie, splendid. Strike, Strike! ye great black devil, or ye'll lose the fush!"



The address for all your communications with "GOOD MORNING" is printed under the title on Page 4.

BUCK RYAN



Good Word for Starlings

By MARCUS DERINGER



A NATURALIST in London the other day caught a starling, and is keeping it to find out whether starlings actually cause the spread of foot and mouth disease, as has been alleged.

This disease affects cattle, sheep, pigs, and other animals, but only very rarely affects Man. The disease is extremely infectious, and the authorities in Whitehall have often been very worried because of outbreaks.

The agent of the disease is a tiny virus—so small that it can't be seen by an ordinary microscope—and not only can it be carried by infected animals, but it has been known to be carried by men's boots from one place to another.

In Britain, between 1906 and 1937, there were 349 outbreaks the origin of which could not be traced; and many authorities believe that the starling is the carrier.

A DUMMY FLEDGLING.

In Russia some time ago a curious experiment was carried out for the benefit of school children. A starling nested in a special box. The young birds were taken out and a dummy substituted. This dummy was made of wood, but it was a mechanical dummy.

When the mother came to feed it, its mouth opened and down went the food. This was collected in formalin and later examined. It was found to consist of nothing more dangerous than beetles and various insects.

The Russian theory was that starlings were therefore the friends of the farmer rather than the enemies, and starlings should be encouraged to take from the ground the enemies of crops.

Other ways of finding out the starling's habits have been carried out. Ornithologists have studied the migrations of birds by slipping rings on their legs and then trapping them in foreign countries.

It is known that British starlings often go to Europe for the summer. They come back somewhere about September.

Curiously enough, Scottish starlings seem mostly to go to Norway. The English ones go mostly to Finland, Sweden, Poland and Germany.

WHEN OUTBREAKS OCCUR.

Well, there is practically no foot and mouth disease in Norway. In about forty years there have been only ten unexplained outbreaks in Scotland. These outbreaks occur in England most often in or about October.

In Sweden most outbreaks occur in April after the starlings arrive; and the outbreaks discontinue after the autumn.

In London there are many thousands of starlings living happily in St. Martin's Church in Trafalgar Square from June to December. But fewer than 400 roosts are known in the whole of Britain, although the starling population may be up to 100,000.

The case against the starlings is that when they sleep they touch each other in the crowded roosts, and so pass the disease to each other, and so the trouble is distributed.

But this is only a theory. There is actually no evidence—no conclusive evidence—against the starling. It will need much more research to prove that the starling is a disease carrier. It may be another bird, or no bird at all.

Anyway, the Russians have proved that the starling is really a friend of the farmer. That much is to the starling's credit. After all, in Britain it is not our way to bring in a verdict of Guilty until we have clearly proved the case.

Solution to 3-minute Thriller

★ Geary had vast quantities of fruit ready to flood the country from England, which would have netted a small fortune with the raising of the duties. It would not have been long before the discovery of the mistake, but it was long enough for Geary's plans.

Mrs. Pym was not surprised on being shown the correct passage, which contained a hyphen and not the substituted comma: "All foreign fruit-plants are free from duty from the date of this order."

As she pointed out: "The coincidence of knowing about the stabbing, and the corrected proof, tied Geary up in my eyes. I suppose he lost his head; and now ... ?" She shrugged.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Three's Company

Petty-Officer Joe Lawrence, D.S.M., with his wife and little daughter



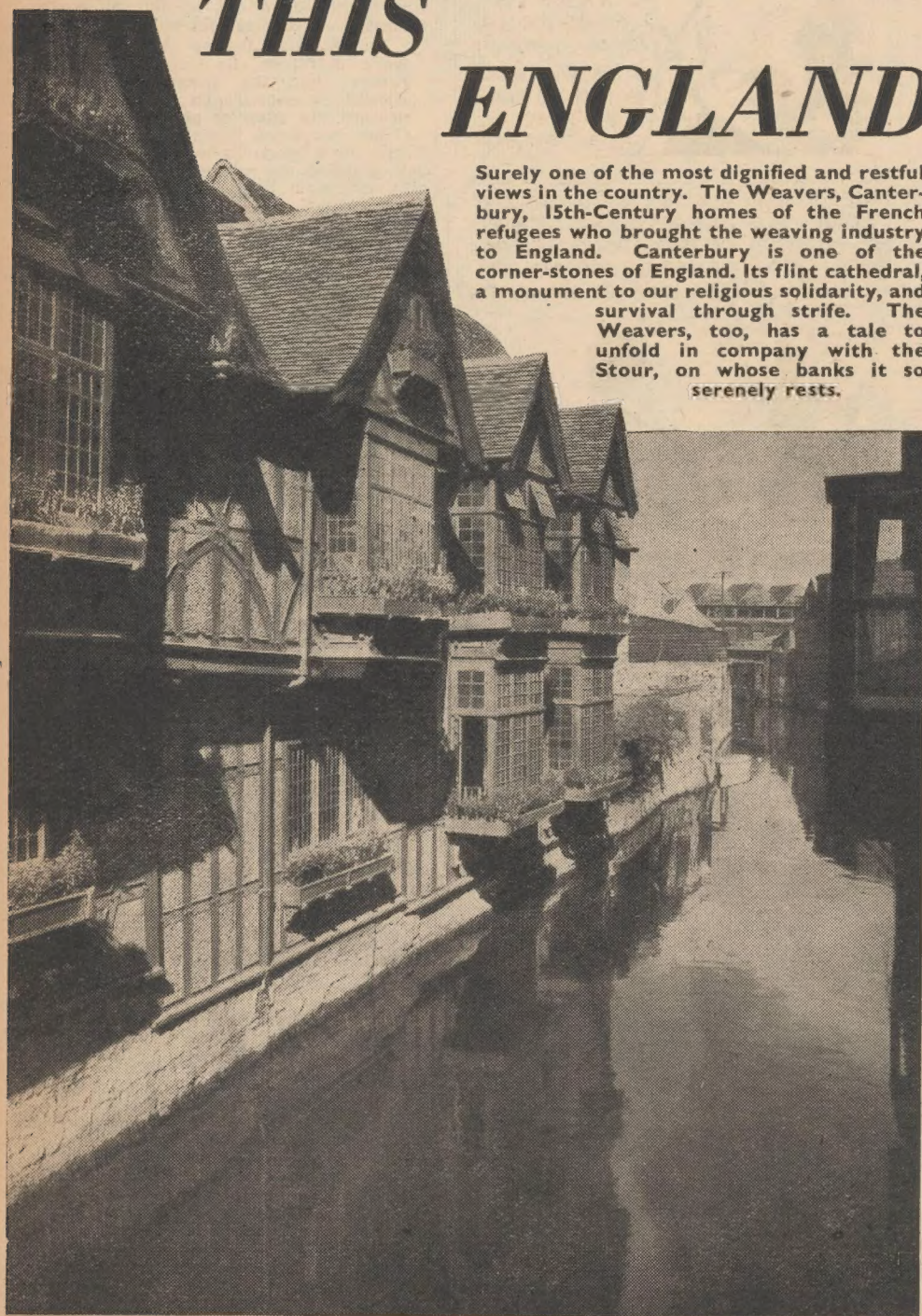
Now, isn't this bubble-game fascinating. Always thought that bubbles sailed into the air. These seem to be afraid of parting—almost look like a lump of sugar-candy, like I used to have.



Sissy! Fancy needing a pipe before she can produce a bubble. And look at the size of the one I'm turning out. Gosh! I almost hope I don't grow any teeth, just so that I can beat her every time.

THIS ENGLAND

Surely one of the most dignified and restful views in the country. The Weavers, Canterbury, 15th-Century homes of the French refugees who brought the weaving industry to England. Canterbury is one of the corner-stones of England. Its flint cathedral, a monument to our religious solidarity, and survival through strife. The Weavers, too, has a tale to unfold in company with the Stour, on whose banks it so serenely rests.



I can't see a cat anywhere!



Ain't often that TWO guys make the same mistake, but these sleuths appear to have slipped up somewhere.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Don't tell me I've been overlooked."

